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SUNDAY
NOVEMBER 28, 1954

The Clarkes to church, we to a sidewalk café to sip Espresso, the best of coffees. Weather autumnal, sky overcast, some rain.

Have started on Antonio Pérez by Gregorio Maranon, the famous Spanish author.

We all lunched at Passetto's, near the exquisite Piazza Navona. Once an English-speaking waiter abandoned his assiduities, we were able to order and consume a satisfactory meal. Thence we motored to the Alban Hills for a walk and tea with the now-famous actress Audrey Hepburn and her husband, Mel Ferrer. We thought them both charming. She is half Dutch, not pretty, but with a beautiful figure and carriage, and an appealing personality. Ferrer is attractive. The wine harvest has lately terminated and the peasants are now gathering the olive crop. The countryside was lovely and Horatian. The Ferrers' rented house is simple and picturesque, supplemented by a swimming pool and a view of the sea near Anzio beach, of battle memory.

It seems that Jacques Fath's recent sad death aroused sympathy even in Italy. A small group of seamstresses in Rome sent his widow a telegram, running: "Courage, Madame. Votre mari s'en est allé au ciel pour habiller les anges."

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